opening of the "Ex" signaled the end of summer), and it was hot. For a change he wasn't wearing anything under his sports shirt.

Frederick (not Fred) reached for Adam's glasses where they hung in the crotch of his collar. He covered himself with his large hand. Frederick was quite capable of grabbling his crotch. Just for fun. I'd seen him do it in the kitchen. Adam blushed. Frederick laughed. He asked him why his chest was freckled. To me it didn't appear to be freckled, but covered with red blotches. It was smooth, at least what I could see of it in the V of his collar. He told us to never mind. Frederick (not Fred) couldn't or wouldn't get it off his mind, however. He was sex-obsessed. He asked Adam why he wasn't hairier. He said he didn't know. He'd always wanted a hairy back. Frederick peered under the table at our legs. He said our hairy legs looked sexy in shorts. Gabriel laughed. By then Charlene had joined us. Between mouth-fulls of fries she told Frederick (not Fred) to stop embarrassing us. What about his own legs? He always wore jeans.

It was on the way back from our first trip to the "Ex," when Adam first told me about his chronic pain. Babs had gone with us early in the morning, right after working a shift. Naturally she was tired and left early. Adam was tired too, and limped slightly on the way back from the lakefront. Gabriel and Frederick (not Fred) were dawdling somewhere behind us. Karl was forging ahead. I'd bank-rolled the